



Seasons

By John Borgeois

As I sit here quietly..... sipping my coffee,
while I stop and think.
I can't help but notice, how the seasons can change!
They change in a blink!
And when they do.....there are many.....
who don't agree putting up such a stink,
As mother nature, does what she does,
While I sit here and ponder, ponder and think.
While she works her great magic, from the sky up above
I will raise my cup, and sip from my drink.
While the otters will play..... and the fox and the mink.
She'll whisk her great wand, high up in the air.....
and she'll swish around the wind, and stir the night air,
While she gives a slight nod and a curious wink.
To show us nature's beauty, so what do you think?